

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Colored Brethren Stirred Up Over Question of Hell



WASHINGTON.—The colored brethren and sisters in the District of Columbia and the city of Washington are stirred up to a boiling point over the question of hell. The pastors of the various and sundry colored churches held a meeting the other day and in solemn convocation decided that there must be something "didding" immediately to offset the effect of the recent action of the International Bible Students' association in going on record as believing there was no burning hell.

If you take the fireworks out of hell according to some of the colored dispensers of "de gospel" in this city, you rob them of a great lever and a club over their uncertain congregations.

A regular honest-to-goodness-burning lake of brimstone and molten lead is the old fashioned kind of hell that has done yeoman service in making young negroes see the error of their ways in the past and has helped mightily the limited donations to foreign missions and the colored pastors here beg to enter a protest against its abolishment.

Others may discard the old time horn-

ored hell, but as for the aforesaid pastors they propose to hold right on to it. They reaffirm their undivided belief in the hell of the fathers; the same old hell that they have taught their flocks of, and that is so hot, that if a colored brother gets in ten thousand miles of it he will smell like a wet dog on a hot stove.

Some of the younger members of the various congregations were inclined to harken unto the superior judgment of the Bible Students' association, and were a little inclined to turn a willing ear to the cooling news. So gratifying was the intelligence to them that they were getting real cheerful, and there was some talk of holding a regular jollification over the event, in which everybody would be invited to "cut loose and have a good time" and when doubtless many respectable persons would have got all "lit up" in honor of the occasion.

The pastors held their meeting, however, and decided to put a crimp in all this wild joy. On the following Sunday, therefore, at the sundry churches all over the city, the colored brother who has been congratulating himself that he could, when he got ready, lay deprecating hands upon any unprotected chicken roost without fear of having at some vague time in the future to wrap his system around a few gallons of molten lava while splashing around in a lake of burning brimstone, got a rude jar that upset his calculations.

## Perspiring Statesmen Labor At the Capitol.

DID you ever attend a Decoration day celebration and see the local politicians rise up on the platform and deliver themselves of long and fervid oratory? Did you ever notice that they are always dressed in the dignified and sober Prince Albert coat? No matter how hot the day none of them would ever think of rising to speak unless they were attired in this emblem of American statesmanship.

After the local dignitaries had their say and the chairman rose to introduce the most important of them all, the representative in congress from the district or one of the United States senators, were you not impressed by his distinguished appearance? Could you imagine him going about in shirt sleeves, with vest unbuttoned and a handkerchief tied about his neck? No! A thousand times No! You could not. But they do.

It's warm in Washington in the summertime. Some people say it's hot and some more people say some other things about it.

One day the papers print an interview with some one of the leaders that congress will adjourn early in



August. The story arouses hope in many hearts. A few days after they print another interview with some other man just as prominent who says that there will be no adjournment until the middle of September. So it goes. Meanwhile it is hard to get together a quorum of the faithful to transact business. The other day when an important bill was up before the house there were not enough members present and the sergeant at arms was instructed to go out and arrest any members that he could find and bring them in. They were rounded up from their offices and from the long cool corridors and cloak-rooms of the capitol where they were basking in the breezes from electric fans or in the solitude of their offices where they had discarded their coats and were endeavoring to keep cool.

## Proved That His Baby Was Finest in the World.

A BABY boy arrived at the residence of Thomas Fronesack a few days ago. He is a very remarkable youngster. Any one who has anything to say to the contrary does so at his own peril. Fronesack has promised to "lick" the man who dares to tell him to his face that that boy isn't the finest baby in the world. And Fronesack makes good, too.

The other afternoon Fronesack and his brother-in-law, Felix Wosnack, were sitting together on the Fronesack porch. Fronesack was discussing the baby. He has done nothing else but discuss that infant since he put in his appearance.

"Did you see the smart way he doubled up his little fists this morning?" said Fronesack to Wosnack. "My, that boy is going to have strong hands."

At this moment a casual acquaintance of Fronesack's passed at the gate.

"Hear you got a new baby, Mr. Fronesack," said he.

"You bet," responded Fronesack; "the finest little baby boy in the world."

The visitor was conducted into the



house and the Fronesack baby was proudly exhibited. He did not seem impressed.

"He's a nice enough baby," said the visitor, "but he's just like all kids."

"What's that?" demanded Fronesack, "you come into my house and tell me to my face that this is just an ordinary baby. I can lick the man who says that."

"Well, I said what I said," retorted the visitor, "and I ain't taking it back. That baby of ours has got your baby skinned to—"

Bang! Also bang, biff, and bam! Fronesack waded into the stranger. The police came finally. They locked Fronesack and Wosnack up at the police station. The visitor went to the hospital. He was unable to give his name and address there. He wasn't able to talk.

## Practical Joke Causes Break Between Senators



THE late Senator Coke of Texas and Private John Allen of Mississippi were warm personal friends and for years dined at the same table at the old Metropolitan hotel, said Col. Charles A. Edwards, the noted correspondent, the other day.

"The propensity of Private John to work off a joke even on as dignified a statesman as was Richard Coke came very near creating a permanent break in their amicable relations. I may say here that the Texan was an intense southerner, naturally of an irascible temperament.

"Well, to get back to my story as to the trick played him by the gentleman from Tupelo. It all came about through

the action of John Allen in allowing his beard to grow out during a vacation of congress. Throughout the session he had gone clean-shaven, so that on his reappearance the following winter with a full beard not even the negro bellboys at his hotel knew him, and he had to introduce himself to the proprietor.

"The only other person to whom the jocose legislator disclosed himself was Senator Berry of Arkansas, and the latter, at Allen's request, took him into the presence of Coke and introduced the humorist as Mr. Beeman, a newly elected member from Mississippi.

"Very glad, Mr. Beeman, to meet you," said Senator Coke, rising and extending his hand with great saucy. Shaking the proffered hand, the impostor drawled out: "Very glad also to meet you, senator. Senator Coke of Massachusetts, I believe?"

"No, sir; not from Massachusetts by a d— slight," answered the hot tempered Texan, snorting."

## QUICK THINKERS MAKE LIVELY BALL GAMES



Jack Barry, Shortstop of Champion Athletics.

America's two national games, baseball and draw poker, are a lot alike in a lot of ways, as might be expected. There is much bluffing and much saying one thing and meaning another in both of them.

A smart player is likely to pull anything at any time, and much of this fine stuff is wasted on the fans.

A remark may change the whole trend of the game.

Jack Barry pulled such a remark for the Athletics last year. It was the ninth inning of an important game, and the score was 2 to 1 in favor of the Mackmen. A fast runner reached first, and as the case was desperate he lit out for second. The throw to Barry was wretched, and as the runner slid into second the ball sped over Barry's head. If the runner found out that the ball was rolling to the outfield, which he had not, because of his slide, he could scramble to his feet and make third. So Barry turned calmly to the umpire and said, unconcernedly: "I'd 'a' had him, Bill, if I'd held the ball."

The runner judged from the off-hand utterance that the ball was right at Barry's feet. Before the coaches could wake him up to the real situation, the ball had been regained by the center fielder. The next batter hit a long fly, on which the runner could have scored if he had reached third. The next one died out, and the game was over. Barry, by saying one thing and meaning another, had stalled off a tie.

Kid Elberfeld was ever a quick thinker and a great strategist. Once last year, while he was with Washington, the Senator pitcher was hurt making the third out in an early inning. The Washington club was in the lead. It was a cinch if there was time to get a pitcher ready. McAleer sent out a man to warm up, but his chances looked bad, for the first Washington batter hit the ball and was out, while the second fouled out on the third ball pitched. Elberfeld

was at bat next. It was up to him to prolong the game.

"For heaven's sake, take as much time as you can," said McAleer. Elberfeld nodded and walked to the plate. He fouled the first ball pitched, then he waited out two balls, then he fouled off another, then he waited for another ball. Then, by actual count,



Kid Elberfeld.

he fouled off fifteen balls. Naturally this killed time, and before they finally managed to get him out, the relief pitcher had warmed up and was able to hold the opposition safe and cinch the game. Elberfeld's quick thinking and accurate stick work had saved the day.

## MADE DECISION UNDER FIRE

Umpire John Hayes of Virginia League Compelled to Make Ruling Displeasing to Fans.

Umpire John R. Hayes of the Virginia league tells of a decision he once had to make that made him wish some other indicator holder was on the job. He doesn't say what town it was in for certain reasons, but doubtless the fans who took a live interest in it will recall the circumstances. Hayes tells it as follows:

"The home team came to bat in the last half of the ninth with the score 2 to 6 against them, and it had been a hard-fought game. With two down it filled the bases and the next hitter came up and hit the ball against the center field fence for what would ordinarily have been a home run that would have won the game right there. However, in hitting the ball he ran out of the batter's box to meet it before the curve broke. As soon as he hit the ball I called him out and the home team lost the game, 2 to 6. Well, there was some excitement, and the things the crowd called me can't be printed. In fact, I still hate to even visit that town, for the decision is still fresh in the minds of the people."

## Army Officer Is Ambitious.

George Beavers, a lieutenant in the United States army, has applied to Wolverton for a try-out with the Yanks. Beavers was at one time a star diamond and gridiron athlete at West Point, and since that has been subduing belligerent natives in the Philippines.

## Burkett Still Hard Hitter.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Jesse Burkett was one of the leading batters of the National league, and today the same Jesse is the leading batsmith on his Worcester team.



By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

## CALLAHAN OUTWITS FAMOUS PITCHER

JAMES JOSEPH CALLAHAN, thespian, leader of trained athletes and star ball player, is not a satellite. He is a luminary of the first magnitude among the remarkable figures of the national pastime. The former Fitchburg plumber apprentice has played every position on the diamond in the major leagues. He was a star player in 1894, the middle ages of organized baseball, thrilled vast throngs with his pennant winning plays as long ago as 1901 and still remains one of the brainiest leaders and speediest players in the game. The greatest pennant play of Callahan's career up to 1912 singularly enough helped bring Charles A. Comiskey his second pennant in the American league.

How Callahan's pinch hit in a crucial series at the close of the 1901 championship went scorching its way to the outfield, driving the largest crowd of the season in the American league into the wildest delirium of excitement, how Callahan outwitted Cy Young, the "grand old man of the slab" and baffled Parent and Ferris, twin fielding wonders of Boston, forms an interesting chapter in early American league history.

Boston's Red Sox were rivals of the Chicago White Sox for the flag in that season. So spirited was the competition and so close was the race, that a single series between these clubs decided the championship struggle. Callahan's great play came in that series.

A record crowd jammed every nook and corner of Comiskey's old park and occupied the field dozens deep for the opening game in Chicago September 8. Roy Patterson, pitching for the home team, was opposed by Cy Young and both clubs were keyed up for a battle to the bitter finish.

After eight innings of heart-breaking suspense for the home fans in which Comiskey's players were able to get only two runs off Young's masterly pitching, with Boston leading 3 to 2, victory for the visitors seemed certain, with the weak hitters of the home batting order coming

ing up, but Jimmy Callahan, the heaviest batter of the Chicago club, was sitting on the bench and Clark Griffith, the "Old Fox," was manager of the White Sox.

When Burke drove the ball through Collins at third and Billy Sullivan, trying to sacrifice, had forced the white holed shortstop of a grand pick-up and throw by Buck Freeman, when pennant hopes were fading and the gathering shadows cast a gloom over the assembled rooters, a cheer rent the air when the announcer came forth and shouted: "Callahan bats for Patterson."

A deathlike stillness was broken by a wave of applause that grew into a remarkable demonstration when Callahan drove the ball to right, and Freeman and Ferris rushed like mad to intercept the darting sphere. On sped the ball to the outfield, Callahan rested at first and Billy Sullivan cantered to third.

Cy Young was peeved through and through. He began to argue with Ferris, and Parent joined the confab near the middle of the diamond. Boston's infield was arguing and Callahan was thinking. If he could steal second, the sprint might win the game. That line of reasoning was convincing and the White Sox pitcher and pinch hitter decided to take a desperate chance. Cy Young gave a menacing gesture, and, with ball in hand, slightly turned his back, and on the instant Callahan was off on his mad dash for second.

Young, Parent and Ferris were astounded when they saw Callahan coming down at top speed. Parent rushed to cover second. He was too late. The Boston infield had been caught napping. Callahan rested safely at second and when Dummy Hoy's hit biased along the third base foul line a few seconds later and it was seen that Callahan's sprint had won the game, the crowd arose to a person and shouted itself hoarse. Brains and speed had helped save a league pennant for Comiskey and Chicago.

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## JESSE TANNEHILL'S TRIUMPH

HAD not Jesse Tannehill's batting eye been uncommonly keen and that wonderful left "whip" in its customary pliable condition on September 15, 1904, good old Clark Griffith might have realized his dearest wish that season, and won an American league pennant. The tall Kentuckian, however, cast an enchanted spell over the Clan from Gotham and when they awoke they found that Jess, with his ash wand and a little assistance from Criger and Fred Parent, had scored three runs and won a crucial game.

The story of the six-weeks' duel between the New York team under the leadership of Griffith and the Champion Bostonians is as interesting as can be found in the annals of baseball.

As the fans are aware, Boston won the championship on the closing day of the season. In the ninth inning of the first game of the double header which closed the season, with two men out, a runner on third and two strikes on the batter, Jack Chesbro cut loose his wild pitch which will be remembered when his 14 straight victories have been forgotten.

This is another instance where history is unfair. As stated in the beginning, but for Tannehill and his "big stick," his consummate skill and his iron nerve in the crisis of September 15, it is probable that the record would simply show that on the last day of the season of '04, the new and old champions split two games, Boston's victory being due to a wild pitch by Chesbro.

Tannehill's triumph came in the third game of a big six game series played in three days at Boston. New York, with Chesbro pitching, won the first game and tied the second in 12 innings. This gave the lead to the Highlanders, and as they tied the fourth game and won the fifth, it is easy to see how important Tannehill's performance was.

Griffith sent Al Orth to the mound to oppose the champion southpaw, and for four innings the home plate was unswayed by any Boston runner. In their determination to hold the advantage gained the day before the visitors scored a run in the first and another in the third.

In the Boston half of the fifth round, Criger hit safely and Tannehill immediately scored him with a slashing triple. A minute later Parent sent him home with the tying run, and Orth sought the shade while Griffith himself undertook to stop the aroused champions. He held them in check until the seventh, when Tannehill came up again. He singled promptly, went to second on an out and home on Seibach's double. This proved to be the winning run, but the desperate New Yorkers and Tannehill staged a heart disease finish.

For New York in the ninth a solid drive, a handle hit and a slow infield roller filled the bases after two men were out. A hit would win the game, and the cheering crowd grew silent as they watched to see what Conroy would do. Conroy was fast, he was right handed, he was a good batter, and he doted on southpaws. For New York a little hit would almost treble the narrow margin, and regardless of the outcome of the other games, they could go home in the lead.

There was no hit. Instead, three strikes were burned into Criger's glove, so fast the leather smoked. The champions were on top again, and thus on the historic afternoon three weeks later it was necessary for Griffith to win twice. They said Chesbro pitched it away. How about Conroy's three strikes in the ninth, with the bases full?

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## AROUND THE BASES

Walter Johnson is the first curve in either league to strike out 200 men. They say all Jerry Downs does is to stand at the plate and look red-headed. It's a snap.

Del Howard, who is now a member of the Frisco team, is being groomed for the management.

Hal Chase has regained his old-time form and is playing real ball for the New York Highlanders.

President Ebbetts of the Dodgers has announced that he would keep Bill Dahlen for another year.

The Red Sox have four star catchers. With Carrigan, Cady, Nunamaker and Thomas the team is well equipped. If the veteran Danny Shay can get a chance to play in Portland, Ore., he will have made the round of the Northwestern league.

Charlie Doolin is not troubled with a lack of pitchers at present, but his trouble is to choose the right one from among the many good ones.

St. Looney players call Roger Bresnahan a martinet. When Roger read of this charge in the paper he quickly replied that the players were wrong, as he is an Irishman.

As the Highlanders wanted Walsh, Lord, Rodie, the new park and Comiskey's deposit vault key in exchange, the White Sox stopped negotiating for Hal Chase.

Milwaukee fans are pleased over the retention of Hughie Duffy for another season. The Brewers are showing better this summer than they have for many seasons.

It was Ira Thomas of the Athletics who discovered how to prevent Ty Cobb stealing. Just have the Dixie dare-devil on first with the bases full and any catcher has him at his mercy.